

Letter, March 13, 1909

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(This I am sure was written from Baddeck although it was written on Association Review paper. The first pages were exceedingly interesting ones — about the duties of mothers. I hope to copy that too — but not with the pages of flights. MF '57)

Yesterday was a day as is a day — a beauty, a dandy of days — and — and — that old motor chose to balk! It would go for six minutes and then gradually lose power so that the aerodrome would come down. It came down just as if Douglas had meant it to come — perfectly — on even keel without jar or flutter — but incerably down. It was the same old motor that had previously given records of fifteen and thirty minutes and had offered more — and no one could discover why she wouldn't go yesterday. It was colder to be sure but she had been in as cold weather and had not minded. However, the flights that were made were dandies, and His Honor, the Governor, who didn't know better was wild with delight and said he would stand up for them in Ottawa and Major Maunsell will also I am sure. We had a very pleasant or rather I might say a very interesting week for both the Major and the Governor are unusual people. The governor — I could hardly help dancing with delight at the idea — looked as if he had just stepped out of a historical picture. There he was — stout old Peter Stuyvesant come to life — big — oh big and burly with his great tall cane and cap and immense fur gauntlets — stalking around, master of all and everyone — and all very much at his service. And Douglas, the very ideal of the trim-knit wiry young courier-debois — standing before the bluff old Governor straight and slim as a dart giving an account of himself to His Honor.

There was never a picture more to delight to heart of a painter. Douglas in high thick stockings reaching up to his thighs like the leather loggings worn by those loth century men — a tight fitting short fur lined coat with wide fur collr closely turned up around his

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face — a close fitting tasseled cap was on his head and big fur gauntlets protected his hands. And there was Papa — looking even slight beside the giant Governor — in his fur lined coat of fine broadcloth and fur cap and fur gauntlets and snow white beard — yes — he represented the rich courtly merchant prince. And there was the sparce figure of Maunsell — veteran soldier. Grouped around were other picturesque figures. Gardiner in Norfolk jacket gracefully skating back and forth — Casey in fur coat and tasseled cap — other men in short fur or leather coats with high laced elkskin boots — and lithe active boys swiftly chasing the hockey spere, spending themselves while waiting for the young knights conference with His Honor should be over and he would mount his very modern chariot and be off with them all tagging after him.

It was interesting living then.

The Governor came to dinner and enjoyed himself. He really is a remarkable man who has made his way up from the ranks. He favored woman suffrage in an able and diplomatic speech at dinner and urged the retention of Gaelic-reciting Gaelic songs to prove its musical qualities and he told anecdote after anecdote, and they say he is one of the most popular Governors who ever occupied Halifax Parliament House.

Lovingly, Mamma